Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Ro. What shall I sweare by?
Iu. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Would'st thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times goodnight.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes.
Enter Iuliet *againe.*
Iuli. Hist *Romeo* hist, ô for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Tassel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo.*
Ro. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweete, sound louers tongues by night,
Like softest musicke to attending eares.
Iu. Romeo.
Ro. My Neece.
Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iu. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iu. I shall forget to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy compame.
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird, That